

# THE PACIFIC

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## Unseen Doorkeepers.

SOMETIMES we see the angel who opens to us the door of opportunity, but more often we do not see him. Sometimes God makes very plain to us the leading of His providence, but far more often things simply seem to happen "of their own accord." Yet nothing happens of its own accord. No gate opens without the gate-opener. If any blessing has come into your life, you may be sure that some one put it there. If you hear any call, there is a mouth behind the voice. Not at haphazard has any opening of your life come to you; some hand has taken down the bars, some arm has pushed back the doors. The cloud of witnesses are more than witnesses; they are preparers; they are assistants. Your dead father is still helping you, if you will let him; your dead mother is still lifting your burdens. The angels are God's ministers sent on His errands, and what errand more pressing than to aid God's children? When next you approach some closed door, whether it be closed by sickness or poverty or former failure, or what not, do not see the door, do not think of it, but think only of the unseen angel waiting beside it. And remember, it is only by following the angels you see that you can obtain the good offices of the angels you do not see.—Amos R. Wells.



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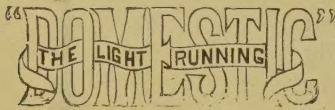
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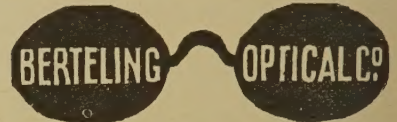
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# THE PACIFIC

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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, November 14, 1901.

## The Coming Again of Christ.

For some reason the Rev. Dr. A. B. Simpson of the Christian Alliance always succeeds in getting large response to his appeals for money for Christian work. Recently he asked his New York congregation for money for foreign missions, and the persons present gave \$57,520. Nearly all in the congregation are said to be poor people. An eye-witness says, "Many who from appearances would be judged to be day laborers pledged from \$200 to \$400 each." One woman, who is known as "Sophia, the Scrub Woman," handed Dr. Simpson a twenty-dollar bill as her offering.

Perhaps Dr. Simpson's preaching of the doctrine of the near approach of the second coming of Christ has something to do with this remarkable giving. Only recently he stated in a sermon on the perils, the problems, and the prospects of the age, that according to certain calculations only thirty years would pass till that coming would be accomplished. And he accepted the calculations and enumerated certain occurrences on the earth and in the heavens as signs of that coming. We have seen it stated that Dr. Simpson does enforce his appeals for money with the proclamation, both mediately and immediately, of such ideas concerning the second coming of Christ. Our reference to this matter is not to justify Dr. Simpson in appeals so enforced, but merely to intimate that his appeals are probably effective because they are thus enforced; and to indicate by this and further reference that the belief in a speedy second coming of Christ, not in spirit, but in person, has wide acceptance, though there is not nearly so much said about it as there was some years ago. Only a few weeks ago we found the New York Christian Advocate, of which the noted Dr. Buckley is editor, saying: "We believe in a 'second coming of Christ,' and do not sympathize with those who believe that it is past. We respect earnest Bible students who hold that it is liable to occur at any time, and are not disposed to criticise adversely those who think that Christ will soon appear."

However, lest Dr. Buckley be misunderstood, he should be quoted further: "But those who adduce natural phenomena, or political and social events which—in essence—have taken place in every age since Christ ascended to the Father, as proofs of his now being 'at the door'; and those who teach that the world is growing worse and will continue to do so till the 'second coming,'

and that the business of Christians is chiefly to testify this to all nations, we believe have missed their way. Their 'Lo, here' and 'Lo, there' are hysterical cries unworthy of attention."

It is significant that the preacher who is today appealing more powerfully to the people than any other in this country—the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan—is proclaiming that the Kingdom is waiting for the King. Mr. Morgan is not a pessimist; he is an optimist, and yet he says: "To hope for the conversion of the world by the preaching of the Word of God in this dispensation is to hope against revelation and fact. People are multiplying by the natural laws of increase far more swiftly than converts are being made. Nay, the King is coming, and that is the final message. \* \* \* Just as the old covenant ended with the voice that told of the coming of the Lord, so does the new. That which is before us today—the next thing—is His second advent. What was the last thing? His first coming and Pentecost. Nothing has happened since then! Write your history, total up your battles fought and won and lost, talk in praise of statesmanship and politicians, if you will, yet nothing has happened! As God watches the movements of men he counts upon the strokes of the great clock of eternity, and the last was the birth of Christ and his work and cross and Pentecost; and the next, "Behold, I come quickly." There is nothing between. Some of us believe we are very near to the next. It cannot be very long before the voice sounds. \* \* \* Knowingly or unknowingly, humanity waits in its suffering, sorrow and sin, in its baptism of tears and blood—for what? For the King."

We find also that devout man and eminent Bible scholar, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, saying in his recent work on Zechariah that "during these latter years many signs have been giving evidence that we are approaching one of those epoch-making moments in the history of our race which may be called the hinges of the ages"; and that the calculations of the most careful students of prophecy also indicate that we are approaching the time at which the times of the Gentiles run out, and when, by divine interposition, the chosen people will be reinstated as God's representatives before the world. And he quotes suggestively in that connection the words of Christ: "Now from the fig tree learn her parable. When her branch is now become tender, and putteth forth its leaves, ye know that the summer is nigh; even so ye also, when



ye see all these things, know ye that He is nigh, even at the doors. \* \* \* Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

These references are made, not with the intent to argue in favor of the doctrine of the coming again of Christ to earth in the same manner as he went away, on the clouds of the heavens, and that that coming is near at hand; but they are made to show that the doctrine is one which has able advocates and that it has some strength of appeal.

The present writer, let it be said here, has always accepted the other view: that the gospel as leaven in the world would go on in an ever-increasing transformation of human lives, until finally Christ would be given everywhere his rightful authority and on his head would rest all crowns.

### Waiting for the King.

Whatever may be the truth as to the coming of Christ, it is evident that he is the one great need of the world today. It is belief in him that has transformed the world and made life seem indeed worth living. The world is a far different, and, we believe, a far better world, than it was some thousands of years ago. But no matter how much, nor how justly, men may rejoice over the progress of the past, it is not for them to shut their eyes to the present and to try to cajole themselves with the belief that all is well with the world. None can so delude themselves. The world waits for its King. The rabble at Jerusalem said, "We will have no king but Caesar." And he who by every act and word had shown his real Kingship was lifted up on the cross and was ignominiously put to death.

But anon there came times when men felt that Caesar without Christ in his heart was no king at all desirable, and instead of the words of the rabble at Jerusalem there came the words, "We will have no king but Christ."

The nations that have enthroned Christ have been the only great factors in the world's progress, and we of today point back with commendation and satisfaction to no individuals of the past as makers of things good and enduring save those in whom have been exemplified the life-giving principles of the Man of Nazareth. Christ has been the light and life of the world.

So reading the past—and we must so read it if we read it aright—it is possible for men to see, as they contemplate the present, that the one great need of the world today is the coming of its King. It does not matter how he comes. What is needed is his coming. Christ is the hope of the world, and if this old earth is ever made a really satisfactory abiding place for his creatures it will be only by the thorough infusing of his spirit.

"O Spirit, whose name is the Savior,  
Come enter this spirit of mine,  
And make it forever thy dwelling—  
A home wherein all things are thine!"

"Leave in me no darkness unlighted,  
Unwarmed by the truth's holy fire;  
No thought which thou canst not inhabit,  
No purpose thou dost not inspire!"

### "Mother Bickerdyke."

There is a way in which all are agreed that Christ comes again. He comes at the death of his loved ones to take them to that place in the "many mansions" which he has prepared for them. He came that way a few days ago to "Mother Bickerdyke" at her home in Kansas, and this heroic personality entered into rest. Old soldiers know especially about "Mother Bickerdyke," for she ministered to many of them grandly during the Civil War. Once when she was moving like a ministering angel among the sick and wounded, pressing ahead to do all she could do without regard to red-tape department rules, a surgeon asked her under whose authority she was working. She was only a volunteer nurse; but she was one of the very best, though self-constituted. Some needy soldiers had her blanket shawl, and she was going about wrapped in the gray overcoat of a rebel officer, her shaker bonnet superseded by an old soft slouch hat, dispensing hot soup, coffee and tea and other refreshments to the shivering, fainting, wounded and dying men. So completely absorbed was she in her work of compassion that she did not hear the interrogation of the surgeon. Again the surgeon spoke and said: "Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff! May I enquire under whose authority you are working?" Without pausing even for a second in her work, "Mother Bickerdyke" answered: "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?"

The surgeon didn't know of any higher authority and the good woman was allowed to work, greatly to the comfort and satisfaction of hundreds of suffering soldiers on the field of Shiloh.

No one ever had a warmer heart for the soldier. Some years after the war a friend expostulated with her one day for exposing herself in a rain storm in an effort to help an old soldier who was arraigned in a police court on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. She was nettled instantly and said emphatically to that friend: "I want you to understand that so long as an old soldier is on top of the ground he can be sure of two friends—God and me."

While stationed at the hospitals in Memphis, Mrs. Bickerdyke remarked one day to the doctor in charge that the milk was two-thirds chalk and water, and that if it was poured into a trough before a respectable pig at home he would turn up his nose and turn away squealing in disgust. She asked for a thirty days' furlough in order that she might have the hospitals supplied with such milk and eggs as the sick men needed. Within that time she returned to Memphis in triumph, accompanied by the lowing of an hundred cows and the cackling of a thousand hens. When first she told her plan to the doctor he had said: "Pshaw! pshaw! you would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other if you should go on so wild an errand."

It is not surprising that Mother Bickerdyke came in later years to be known as "the heroine of the Grand Army of the Republic." She served the soldiers when



they needed service and they crowned her. In these and other ways "Mother Bickerdyke" walked with God, and since last Friday it has been said of her, "She is not, for God took her."

In this sense also we all await "the coming of the King," the coming of Christ.

"He's faithfu' that hath promised; He'll surely come again;  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at any moment to my ain countree."

### Another Unselfish Life.

A recent number of the Ram's Horn contained an interview with the son of the late Edward Kimball, the noted church-debt raiser, concerning his work during the last twenty years of his life. Mr. Kimball, certainly, was a remarkable man in this respect, that which he raised amounting to nearly fifteen million dollars. But sometimes he failed. We recall his efforts in certain places in Washington in 1892 and '93, shortly after the breaking of the great boom in that State. In several places the effort was made rather against the advice of persons familiar with the situations. They said that the money might be pledged; that in all probability it would be pledged, but that in large part it would never be paid. And the outcome justified them in their belief and position. But that does not matter. A man who accomplishes what Edward Kimball accomplished can afford to fail sometimes. It was not often that his judgment was at fault, and his presence in a State urged many a church on to the doing of what it would not otherwise have done.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Kimball began in San Francisco his great work as a church-debt raiser. In 1877, while on a business trip to California, he occupied, for a few weeks, as a layman, the pulpit of the Westminster church of this city. The church was deeply in debt. He saw that if the church was to do the work it was called to do it was necessary for it to be freed of its debt. Unless this could be done the enterprise was likely soon to be abandoned. He induced the people to make the attempt under his leadership, and with such success that calls soon came to him to undertake similar work in other places. Then, as he surveyed the field and saw the burdens under which the churches were laboring, the impression came to him that there was opening up before him a work to which he must give himself permanently. He did so, and the world knows the splendid results.

To show the consecration of the man, let it be said that he never raised debts on the percentage plan. He never made any charge for his services, but took for his expenses whatever a church was pleased to give. And some—to their shame—never gave him anything.

There are churches going on today, all over the land, in the good work of the gospel of Christ, because this man thus gave himself to them. We have wondered in what way the life of Edward Kimball is counting for the most today—whether in these churches thus saved for their work, or in the ever-widening influence of the consecrated life of D. L. Moody, who, along with him,

though dead, yet speaketh. It is worth a great deal to start in the Christian life a young man who accomplishes what D. L. Moody accomplished; it is worth a great deal to put crippled churches on their feet and make it possible for them to do the work whereunto they are called. But, why draw the measuring line? Every work done for the good of man and the glory of God is a great work. Even—

"A noble aspiration is a deed,  
Though unachieved; and he who judges man  
Upon his lofty throne will give it heed."

### Notes.

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Ackerman of the First Congregational church of Portland returned the first of the month from his Eastern trip. Dr. Ackerman was gone three months and preached every Sunday but one during his absence. He attended the American Board and National Council meetings.

Many readers of The Pacific have found the Sunday-school lesson comments written by the Rev. F. B. Perkins very helpful. Not a few persons have remarked that they get in them the very best assistance for a proper understanding and application of the lessons. We regret to announce that Mr. Perkins has not been able to furnish those comments this week. He has not been well for some weeks, but hopes to be able to undertake the work again next week.

Two new subscriptions to The Pacific were secured by the editor at morning services at the Ward Memorial church in Alameda last Sunday. One young lady who united with the church only recently subscribed, as did also a lady who came into that fellowship from a Methodist church in the East. She had been taking a Methodist paper; but now that she is a Congregationalist she felt that she ought to have a Congregational paper and that it ought to be the Pacific Coast paper. Very sensible, all that! Would that there were more such people. And as to that young lady: she did the right thing. No one can afford to deprive himself or herself of the denominational paper. Without it there cannot be that interest in Christian work that there should be, and therefore not that growth in grace which is the privilege of all. The pastor can always count on the young man or young woman who subscribes for the church paper as one who will be a good all-round helper in everything that pertains to the upbuilding of the Kingdom.

In an article in the last number of the Review of Reviews it is told why Dr. Pearsons gives his money to the small colleges. Quoting his own words, it is because he believes that the small college is "the greatest educational institution in America aside from the common school"; that they are "direct products of the true American pioneer spirit, and still have in them the vital breath of high moral purpose breathed into them by their founders." It is said that the remoteness from cities and centers of civilization of the institutions to which he has given appeals to him. "To be able to shape the destiny of commonwealths like Washington, Colorado, Missouri, Kentucky, by putting his shoulder to the wheel of Christian colleges like Whitman, Colorado, Drury, and Berea, seems to him a civic as well as a religious duty, whose beneficent ends for the state and for the kingdom of God no man can estimate. He believes also in the small college because he thinks that the moral



and intellectual life of its students is conserved by the greater intimacy between teacher and pupil which exists."

The First Congregational church of San Francisco has been a great power for good on this Coast for more than half a century. Large contributions have gone from it for home missions and foreign missions, in addition to what has been given to make it influential in the work of the Kingdom in this city. It was gratifying to the editor of *The Pacific* to witness the real strength and solidity that were in many ways manifest at the annual meeting Wednesday night of last week. The present membership is 681, and so carefully has the list been pruned under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Adams during the last two years, that nearly all are resident members. The net gain for the year was 42 male members and 32 female. The proportion of male to female members is as 1 to 1.86. This is better than the average in churches throughout the United States, the proportion being 1 to 1.99. The average Sunday morning congregations have been 98 greater than in 1900; the average evening congregations 112 greater; at the prayer-meeting 15 greater. The prayer-meeting attendance has been 21 per cent of the resident members. There has been a gain of 22 per cent in the Sunday-school. This is a quite cosmopolitan church in membership. In addition to the usual nationalities it has Jewish, Egyptian, Chilian, Negro and Filipino members. One able to form an opinion said recently that the First church is in better condition than at any other time since Dr. Stone's day. It was a happy, grateful lot of people who sat around the tables that evening and listened later to the encouraging reports concerning the church work.

A few weeks ago "Bystander" expressed surprise that the Rev. Dr. Locke of Buffalo should so far forget himself and propriety as to send, "over the longest leased wire in the world," an account of the service conducted by him over the remains of President McKinley in the Milburn home in Buffalo. The editor of the *California Christian Advocate* sent the note to Dr. Locke and received the following in reply: "No one could have been so mortified and exasperated as I was myself to find that certain newspapers published, as coming directly from me, a description of the funeral services of President McKinley. I did not send, or cause to be sent, any such communication. When a reporter called upon me and requested a description over my own signature, I peremptorily and stoutly declined to give it to him, explaining that I would regard it as a gross violation of sacred privileges, and an infraction of the delicate proprieties of the occasion, as well as against the code of the clergy. It was only after he had withdrawn his request and most emphatically assured me that anything I should say would not be used as a private communication, that I consented to have any conversation with him on the subject. What I then said to him was only such general information as he could have received from any one of the two hundred persons present, and in no way trespassed upon what any fair-minded person would consider the proprieties." *The Pacific* has pleasure in presenting this explanation. We thought at the time that some advantage had been taken of Dr. Locke. The *Advocate* says in this connection: "When Bishop Goodsell was resident Bishop of San Francisco a reporter for one of the dailies attempted to perpetrate the same kind of a trick upon him. The next day Bishop Goodsell sent for the derelict reporter, and in a very kindly way explained the code of fair treatment to the young man, and during the Bishop's remaining stay in San Francisco the report-

ers treated him with courtesy and fairness." So anxious are reporters to get the best accounts of important occurrences and services that they sometimes deal very unfairly and ungentlemanly with people who are really willing to aid them. The reporter who betrays a confidence or acts treacherously loses in the long run; but some see only the short run.

### *The Religious World.*

The Pioneer Presbyterian home missionary in Oregon was Rev. Lewis Thompson. In 1846 he arrived at Clatsop Plains, along by the Pacific ocean near the mouth of the Columbia, coming from Missouri across the plains and over the mountains with a small herd of cattle. On the 19th of September of that year he organized a church which was for some time the most remote and far west church in the United States. Presbyterian home missionary work was begun in Oregon in 1851, when Rev. E. R. Glory and Rev. Robert Robe were sent out from the East. The Presbytery of Oregon was organized on November 19, 1851, near what is now the town of Lafayette, these home missionaries and Lewis Thompson being the entire clerical force, and the Clatsop Plains church the only organized church. This year the Presbytery celebrates its 50th anniversary, and the Rev. Robert Robe still lives.

A daily newspaper reporter was commissioned to attend a different church service every Sunday for a year, and to give his impressions. He concludes that church union would be far from an unmixed blessing. Concerning the preachers he says: "It seems to me that a lack of preparation for their sermons is the great weakness of nine-tenths of the preachers of the present day. Often and often I have heard third-rate politicians talk in public more fluently and gracefully, with more succinctness and pointedness, with more eloquence and conviction, than many a highly rated preacher. Some of the sermons, boiled down to essentials, could have been delivered in ten minutes." This may not be a fair estimate and comparison, but of this one thing we are assured: there are many ministers preaching unwritten sermons who, if they were to write their sermons, would say more in ten minutes than they say now in thirty.

At the recent General Convention of the Disciples of Christ, in Minneapolis, the pulpits of other churches, as is the custom, were occupied by visiting ministers. "One of the popular St. Paul churches, known as the People's church, with a seating capacity of not less than 2,000, turned out an audience of 80 persons," says a writer in the *Christian Evangelist*, "to hear one of our preachers whose reputation had evidently not penetrated as far north as the head of navigation on the Mississippi. The pastor of the church was absent. It was a cold reception, on a cold day, in a cold church, to a cold preacher, who did his best to warm up the situation by preaching a hot sermon, but we fear with small success. The preacher felt it was a great compliment to him, however, to be assigned to so large a building, and he only regrets that his drawing power was not equal to the expectations of the committee. But he got a new idea about 'People's Churches.'"

The determination of the Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost to enter upon missionary work in the Philippines has brought out not a few interesting stories concerning him, among them being the one as to his name. "It may have seemed to some a strange coincidence," says a writer, "that a man so full of eagerness to save men should bear a surname so significant of salvation, but heredity and



family history have an explanation which wipes out the oddity. Back far among the Huguenot ancestors of George Frederick Pentecost was a gentleman of the French nobility, a Count Hugo, so famed for his powerful and successful gospel preaching that the people dubbed him 'Old Pentecost.' Fleeing afterward to England to escape persecution, he chose to forget his aristocratic name and used the humble nickname instead. So the substituted patronymic and the ancestral zeal have combined appropriately in the oldest representative of the house in this generation."

We have always felt that it was right for a minister to perform the marriage ceremony for any parties who could be lawfully married in the state in which they were residing. Considering the recent discussion in the Episcopal Convention the Rev. Edward Everett Hale says: "It seems to me a doubtful question at law how far a clergyman has a right, under his commission, to decline to marry parties who have the permission of the authorities of the State. Let every clergyman remember that it is because we are officers of the State that our wedding certificates have any validity. Now suppose a notary public, who is commissioned just as we are, by the States, for certain functions, should decline to perform one of such functions. Suppose that he was asked to give a certain certificate. When a business note was presented to him for protest, suppose he should say, These people are my friends; I will not interfere. Would not that man's commission be taken back by the governor before he was a day older, and ought not the governor to take it back? Now the minister who marries a couple who appear before him for marriage is commissioned by the legislature for that purpose. If the Episcopal clergy or the Unitarian clergy choose to show that they do not propose to act as officers of the State in one case out of twenty of the applications made to them, would not that legislature of the State refuse to give them that commission as officers of the State which they now hold, and ought it not to do so?"

### Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

#### Death's Harvester.

Governor John S. Pillsbury of Minnesota has lately died at the ripe age of three score and ten. He has been a leading figure in the development of that great and prosperous commonwealth. Though not a member of the First Congregational church, which was formed in St. Anthony, before that thriving village was absorbed into Minneapolis, he was always a respectful attendant on its worship, a most generous contributor to its finances, and for many years taught a Bible class. It is the oldest Congregational church in the State. His fame is indissolubly connected with the prosperous university, with its four thousand students, of which Cyrus Northrup is the live and progressive President. Governor Pillsbury gave it attention in its day of adversity, when it was ready to die by debt. He well earned the title of "Father of the University," and merits the statue of himself which during his lifetime has been set up in front of a principal building. Old Minnesota, whose cheeks burn at the memory of long repudiated State railroad bonds, which were a swindle, will always honor her brave Governor, and the loyal Pilgrim wife who encouraged him, for calling the legislature together in special session and inaugurating the movement to pay the bonds. He made the State see it was less disgraceful to be swindled than to have world-wide reputation as repudiators. My inmost heart wishes the good man had perfected his relation to the church his dear ones loved. I wish he might have enjoyed

her sacramental feasts as others did. Many pastors have loved him and been faithful to him. Thousands of families all over the State have prayed God's blessing on him who fed them from his own flour mills, and trusted them with seed wheat when the land was desolated by the grasshopper scourge. May we all meet our dear friend at the feast which shall never break up!

Prof. Fenelon B. Rice of Oberlin Conservatory of Music, who has been a laborious and faithful teacher for a quarter-century, has gone suddenly to the perfect and satisfying music of the skies. Many, many will mourn him, and capable voices will sound his praises. I have seen him leading the unsurpassed Oberlin choir and noticed the deference paid him at the great commencement concerts by artists of world-wide fame. But the musician who touched me was the great leader of the Conservatory, who for years came regularly to the Second church Sunday-school and played a very plain little cabinet organ, where President Fairchild taught a Bible class and Edwin Johnson led the school. I have always meant to tell this good man how his spirit of service helped me, but the right time never came. It must be postponed to the greetings of the Heavenly City. "Harps in our hands" will help out many thankful words which ought to have gladdened earth.

John Kenyon, a useful Saratoga ranchman, was buried last week. He has been dying of cancer for many weary months and we were all glad when the Angel of Death came to his relief. He never could talk much, having an impediment of speech. But he lived a good testimony to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his faithful witness was not confined to the Methodist church. Ten ministers attended his funeral, of whom nine took part in it. Nor were their testimonies tedious. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Sitting in the sunshine after the storm, reverently placing a few California poppies on these new-made graves of friends, "thanks be unto God who giveth the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

#### Ranch Recreation.

Lyman Beecher practiced with his happy family in old Litchfield, Conn., what Horace Bushnell preached. He made play of his work. When Fleet reared in pitiful fright at the Los Gatos donkey, threw Max out of the wagon, and almost upset all of us, it became evident that our ranch animals must have some work put on them, for donkeys have the same right of way on our well-watered roads that thoroughbreds have. To drive several horses to town and spend each a forenoon with Long Ears would be work indeed. But it was "fun alive" to bring the musical little quadruped for a Saturday morning picnic on the ranch. Of course, it took two boys to bring him, in his little go-cart. Two boys can make ten times the fun one can. And when you add a donkey—! No monkey is necessary. Music begins. Whew! How Fleet flies! Fly skips. Tony gallops. Thundering hoofs over the pasture enough to raise Old Sam and beautiful Jim from their equine graves. One wave of big ears was enough to raise a gale. But horses are as curious as antelopes. The rattle of a feed pan, the voice of a master, the smell of barley, and the sound of crunching jaws bring the not very wild animals back to the gate, and lo! in a very few minutes, and without any work about it at all, the horses and the donkey all have their noses in a grainbox, as contentedly as diverse elements in a community partake of coffee and cake at a well-managed social. When the barley is gone they go to licking the curious little stranger, and laugh genuine "horse laughs" at his little knee-high kicks at their over-familiarity.



Now the laddies can ride afield and the troop accompanies them undismayed. It's no work to put the colt to the donkey cart. It's fun. The colt thinks so herself. It must be with so many boys around. The dogs howl with excitement. Very well. The colt must learn that good dogs are not dangerous. Just for fun, while the quadrupeds were nosing each other in the fence corner, more wood was got in under cover and out of the rain than a Chinaman working by the d-a-y would have put in in a day. And a bright idea works under the hayseeds in our hair, that rather than shudder at the idea of meeting automobiles on the road and risking runaways, we will invite Neighbor Pendleton with his really fine machine to come up some afternoon, and give us all a ride over the pasture until our pets shall come up to the machine and quietly eat from our hands over the dashboard. And—better scheme yet—if we live to another May Day and are invited to Bella Vista for our Sunday-school picnic, why won't it be a pleasure, and not a labor, to familiarize the dogs, the colts, the teams, and the blessed timid women with the coming useful machine?

#### A Happy Half-Hour.

Our Junior Endeavor lady has resigned for good reasons. God bless her for what she has done. A dominie without a charge was given charge of them for a happy half-hour. Just thirteen of us. No organist. They knew one hymn, he could lead one other. We sang the verses, one at a time. We learned a Bible verse. We read a Psalm responsively. Five little voices led in sentence prayers. We concluded that as a Christmas tree, braced, adorned, lighted, loaded, indicates the design of loving parents and friends, so God's world, beautified, enriched, full of useful treasures, proves a God, a loving Father, whom we may trust for this Christmas and for all time.

Then we shook hands—more than touched fingers—spoke each others' names plainly for better acquaintance, and with the Mizpah benediction warm in our hearts, separated to gather pictures to send to make little Armenians glad. Before this acorn gets on the new Pacific linotype, seven packages will be on their way to Rev. A. Fuller, Aintab, Turkey. Say, dominie, you'll keep the DO of your youth if you keep near the kids!

#### A Missionary Experience.

##### A Californian.

The afternoon of President McKinley's funeral, only an hour before the memorial services in the little mountain village where I was spending the week, a call came to the minister to officiate at a funeral at ten o'clock next morning, at S. S. is a typical mountain mining camp of '49 and '50 fame. Millions have been taken from there, and as much or more remains in Nature's treasure house. The camp is not noted for its piety. In fact, not very long since a stray parson was mounted on the bar by the hilarious miners and forced to treat the house! The present "parson" knew of this, because some of "the boys" had gleefully told him, embellishing their story with sundry winks and smiles at the recollection.

After the service my friend asked me if I would enjoy a "cool, rough ride." So at two the next morning we were up and away with a mountain lantern on the dashboard to distinguish between rocks and shadows. The air was sharp, crisp and exhilarating. We found our way to be a typical mountain road, with all the twists, turns, sharp shelf-like ledges, narrow angles, and eight or nine hours long. Climbing the grade we took our scenery "by faith, not by sight." But sunrise found us on the summit over eight thousand feet high. All the wonders

and glories of scenery were ours now. Range after range of mountains, each more rugged than its neighbor, stretched far into the distance until the Coast range marked the sky with its bold outline nearly one hundred miles away. Here and there were summits that pierced the clouds and bathed their heads in the everlasting sunshine, their shaggy sides clothed with vast waving forests of evergreen timber. Far to the left, through the tossing branches, we could see the blue twinkling waters of a mountain lake. The tracks of deer and bear were numerous, and as my friend stood up and sent out a ringing vaquero's call, a magnificent buck sprang from its covert near by, and after a startled look sprang away into the brush.

Crossing the divide we dropped down the winding road into the canyon faster than the sun rose, dropping down five thousand feet in less than seven miles. In fact, it was after nine before we had another good look at old Sol. We passed a score of dizzy precipice channels, only waiting for spring to be transformed into leaping and foaming cataracts. At one point we met a pack train of thirty-two mules, with their peculiar saddle and "diamond hitch." It was a beautiful sight to see them winding in and out among the trees, in the dim shadows. About three miles from the house, and while following a large mining flume, we came suddenly upon a string of freighters, and were forced to bide in patience till the road widened so we could pass.

We found that S. was built in the bottom of a deep canyon. There was only one street in town and that one along the river bank. Just a few scattering houses, yet so prettily located with the huge mountain chains, their innumerable spurs, wild notches, gorges and glens, giving infinite grandeur to the scenery.

We held brief services at the house. The casket, containing the remains of a departed husband and father, rested in the front room; a few flowers, gathered by loving friends; the widowed mother, surrounded by children and grandchildren, made a pathetic scene; while from the window we could see God's eternal mountains, from whence our help comes. The funeral procession wound its way down the mountain to the "town hall," which had been emptied of its winter supply of wines and liquors for the occasion. The singing was led by a Christian lady, whom the exigencies of life had brought to the camp. As I sat there I found myself trying to picture the life of each one. What a motley crowd it was! Rough, grizzled old prospectors, a few of them having crossed the plains in '49; young fellows, some showing sad signs of dissipation; others with the bloom of youth still on their faces; all of them far from home and all its ennobling influences; a sprinkling of women and some children. The saloons were emptied for the time being, and their habits hung around the door, their breath strong, though it was not yet midday.

What could the minister say to them? Some of these men had not been inside a church for years; most of them, in all probability, would not hear another sermon for months to come. As he arose and looked at them, his feeling of weariness left him; there could be but one message for them. With a heart full of love and with burning words, he forced home the sharp difference between their sin and God's forgiveness—between the life they were living and the life to which God's love called them. The one who had passed away was an old '49er. He had been brought up in Christian surroundings, but, in common with so many others, had "left his religion east of the Rockies." During the last weeks of his sick-



ness he had turned to the God of his youth, and had been forgiven. He had left a special message for the minister to give his old friends and neighbors. It was the "old, old story ever new," which the missionary had been telling them, and the Spirit forced it home to their hearts. Every eye was fastened on the speaker, and rough hearts were touched that were strangers to such emotions. Many of them had drank with the departed in the days gone by; now he had "crossed the great divide" in safety and with the assurance of peace, and they were left. As they crowded around the casket at the close many an eye was moist, and they went out with subdued hearts.

After the interment a rough old miner came up to us and, taking the minister's hand in a viselike grasp and with a catch in his voice, thanked the "parson" for what he had said. "Ye hit me hard, parson, but I needed it, and I'm — glad ye done it."

We paid for our dinner over the very counter from which the former "parson" had treated the crowd, but now more courteous treatment no one could ask.

Greatly to our regret, force of work necessitated Mr. —'s return that night. So, with a good feed and rest for the horse, a good companion and faithful co-worker, we said, "So long" to the camp. After we crossed the divide and were dropping down the road toward home, we saw a forest fire in the canyon, nearly half a mile below us. It looked beautiful and wierd, twinkling and burning so far below, now rushing upward with a roar and now dying down. We reached home a little before midnight, somewhat weary in body, but glad to have seen the scenery, wild, sublime, picturesque and enchanting in the mountains, lakes, boundless forests, crag and cataract; but more than all else, rejoicing in the opportunity of telling some of the world's forgotten children of God's love.

### Saving the Children

The Children's Home-Finding Society seeks homeless, neglected and destitute children of all ages and finds homes for them in worthy Christian families. It aims to save the child to society, to the state and to the church, by placing it in the best educational institution in the world—the family home. In this work we must rely upon the intelligent co-operation of these families for the best results.

More than is generally supposed, young children under twelve years of age yield to these influences and are permanently benefited. The families receiving them also are blessed, thus verifying the Savior's words, "Whoso receiveth one such little child in my name receiveth me." By the age of fourteen habits become fairly well formed, hence the necessity of receiving them while young and in their plastic years. In these early years the most unpromising may be benefited and saved. It is to combat the widely prevalent opinion that these unfortunate little ones are doomed, and to secure the co-operation of Christian families in the alleviation of their condition, that these thoughts are presented. It is wonderful what transformations may be effected by a little change of environment. A little soap, clean clothes, decent surroundings, and Christian associations, work wonders with these children. It is the decided opinion of the writer, gathered from some ten years of study and observation in direct work for these little ones, that the encouragements to labor in their behalf are very great and the results most satisfactory. I am not at all surprised that Charles Loring Brace, founder of the New York Children's Aid Society, should have considered the encouragements to labor in this field so great as to be drawn towards it in preference to all others. I am sure that no field of Chris-

tian endeavor offers such inducements as this for the Christian worker, and especially for the Christian family that is in a position to undertake the task. The co-operation of such is requested and earnestly solicited.

W. H. Brayton, Supt. C. H. F. S.

918 Market St., San Francisco.

### The Greatest Hypocrite in the World.

W. N. Burr.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked Hippocles.

"A hypocrite is one who pretends to be something that he is not; one who tries to make others believe that he is better than he is; a false pretender to virtue; a deceiver, a cheat," answered young Hipparchus.

"Will you name the greatest hypocrite in the world?" again asked Hippocles.

"I know of none greater than Critias, who professes to serve the gods, but thinks only of his own coffers of gold and his own honor among men even while he pays his vows in the temple," replied Hipparchus.

"Why look always to the temple for the hypocrite?" said Hippocles, who had caught a new vision of life from a wandering Jew whom he had met when he journeyed once to Ephesus. "The hypocrisy that is in the world is not all among the temple worshippers. It is wherever Sin is found, whether that be in the temple or out of it; for there is nowhere in the universe such a hypocrite as Sin."

"I would hear more," Hipparchus urged.

"You say a hypocrite is a pretender," Hippocles continued. "There is no such pretender as Sin. He is never ready to call himself by his right name. Confront him, and he is always trying to parade in Virtue's clothing, because he wants to appear to be Virtue, and not what he really is. It is rare indeed to find Sin ready to stand out and boldly declare, 'I am Sin, I am evil, I am wrong, and not right, and I glory in being just what I am, and I want all the world to see me just I am, and call me by my right name.' When he is a liar he tries to throw some garment of Virtue's over his falsehoods. When he is a thief or a murderer, a drunkard or a monster of selfishness, he would try to make himself appear other and better than he is. When he is in a bad business he tries to throw some appearance of virtue-light on his business. Sin is The Supreme Hypocrite. Sin is The Great Pretender. Sin is The Blackhearted Wolf that is forever trying to tear fleeces from the backs of sheep with which to hide his true nature, and make himself appear lamb-like and innocent.

"We will watch ourselves, Hipparchus," continued Hippocles, "and fight against the influence which this self-confessed impostor has over us. His temptations fly upon us from within and from without. Many times a day we are inclined to make some excuse for wrong thought, wrong words, wrong actions; and what is that but clothing wrong with a fairer garment than belongs to it; and what is that but hypocrisy. In all sorts of ways men are turning to comparatively weak and foolish things, and neglecting the higher obligations of life, and trying to make themselves believe that they are right when they know they are wrong. It is a sample of sin's hypocrisy—wrong trying to parade in the garments of right, weakness trying to take on the appearance of strength, husks of the prodigal trying to make themselves look like the bread in the Father's house."

"Is it possible for any man to live in a world where this Arch-hypocrite has influence in human hearts, and not yield sometimes to the pressure of his temptation to appear before men a little different from what one



really is?" inquired Hipparchus, with many new thoughts budding in his mind.

"Let him that is without sin cast stones at Critias, the worshipper in the temple," was Hippocles' only reply. Corona, Calif.

### Women Workers in Fuchien.

Rev. J. E. Walker, D.D.

The Fuchien Province includes both Foochow and Amoy, but I wish to speak more especially of work which takes its point of departure from Foochow.

The first single ladies who came to Foochow were the Misses Woolston of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, who came hither in 1861. The next young lady to arrive here was Miss A. M. Payson, who came to the A. B. C. F. M. Mission in 1869; and it was not till several years later that the first single lady joined the English "Church Missionary Society's" Mission at Foochow.

But how all this has been changed! At the end of 1899, when the last list was made out, the American Board Mission had ten single ladies located at four stations, and yet was far behind in this matter. For the Methodists had twenty-five single ladies and one widow located at five different stations, while the C. M. S. Mission had thirty-four single ladies and one widow connected directly with it, and forty more working under its direction but sent out by the Church of England Zenana Mission Society. These seventy-five ladies are from various parts of the British Isles, Canada, and the Southern Hemisphere, and were, last year, located at 19 stations, at ten of which they were the only missionaries. Ostensibly, they are engaged in work for women; but where they are the only ones in charge their work inevitably extends far beyond this. They, of course, can not administer the sacraments, or perform such other ritualistic functions; but this is about all that they do not do. The Methodists also have two stations at which only ladies reside.

This is economical. Two single ladies mean two free-handed workers, while a man with wife and children is only one free-handed worker; and yet he is more expensive than the two single ladies. Hence, there is a constant increase in the proportion of single ladies, to have them fill every place they possibly can. Yet such work is one-sided, and it tends to dishonor us in the eyes of the Chinese. Full, well-rounded work demands the Christian man and wife and Christian children; and in their place they are no dearer than are the single ladies in their place.

Six Anglican young ladies were massacred Aug. 1, 1895, and by the following March thirteen new ones had come to take their place. That martyrdom just boomed the Anglican mission. The sympathy, the heroism, the prayers, the gifts of Evangelical Anglicans throughout the British Empire all centered on it; and the county in which the martyrdom took place has become the banner county of this, the banner province of the Chinese Empire.

But the glory of martyrdom which has come to the American Board in North China—has it struck fire from Plymouth Rock in such heroic manner as this?

These ladies are nearly all believers in the coming and the reign of Christ on earth in visible person, and at first glance this seems to be the special inspiration of their heroism; but in truth, both their faith and their devotion have a common source in something back of this. One of their critics on this point said of them, "Why do they take everything in the Bible as if it were

addressed to themselves?" It is the intense personalism of their religion toward Christ, toward the Bible, and toward humanity which gives to their work its courage and its fervor.

Today at our mission prayer-meeting the topic was, "The Word of God," and one brother said that the Bible differed to him from all other books in this, that it spoke to him personally. He took it as addressed directly to himself. Other books offered themselves to him to read or not read, to believe or disbelieve, as he would; but not so the Bible. And when, on some tour alone, days lengthened into weeks without his hearing one word of his mother tongue, the Bible brought to him daily a message in his own native language. Miss Way, of the C. I. M., who was one of those who were shut up in Shansi last year, wandering in deserts and mountains and caves and holes of the earth, especially mentions the loss of their Bibles as a sore trial.

An accurate study of the Bible requires us to consider when and to whom it was written; but some who do this lose its personal message to themselves. If one must choose between the two, infinitely better the love that edifies, than the knowledge that puffs up.

Miss Way, in her account of their wanderings in Shan-si, relates that one day as they were hiding in a cave, two boys discovered them, and then ran off. There were three of the party of missionaries, and the other two were for fleeing at once from the cave; but this text came to Miss Way: "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord"; and she received it as a message from the Lord, and insisted on their staying where they were. She also argued that they would only attract a crowd, and increase their danger by attempting to flee in the day time. So they remained where they were; and soon several men came to the cave; but after a little parley, God touched their hearts with pity, and they left with the promise not to expose them. Here fear said "Fly," but judgment, calmed by the text, saw the folly of this, and had the courage to calmly wait on the Lord. Such experiences are not rare with those who make God's Word their daily food; nor is it superstitious to believe that the Promised Comforter should make such uses of appropriate texts of Scripture. It is something very different from making a sort of lottery of the Bible.

Foochow, China, Sept. 25, 1901.

### Witnessing.

Mrs. A. D. Weage.

I remember seeing a request made in The Pacific sometime since for articles on Christian experience—testimonies, as I understand it, of God's people, to his faithfulness, in their personal experiences; such as we used to have in olden times when "God's people spake often one to another." They were precious, "heart-to-heart" testimonies, and considered a Christian duty as necessary to our spiritual growth. All were encouraged to give expression to their convictions, desires, hopes and fears; and this interchange of thought awakened sympathy and had a tendency to bring us into closer fellowship, one with another. Appropriate hymns and fitting words, created an atmosphere that encouraged growth. Often it brought conviction to the unbelieving. All this the Church has lost, by laying aside this form of service. The world's people, seeing this, have adopted it; and the result is numberless clubs and organizations for social or literary purposes, and these take the place in a great measure of our social religious gatherings. The motive, however good, is not the salvation of souls; and we find ourselves drifting into another channel; and wonder



why it is that the voice of testimony is in a great measure hushed. Christ's last words, "And ye shall be witnesses unto me," are unheeded, or interpreted to mean, being honest in our dealings—"living our religion" it is called.

While this is important, it can by no means fill the place of personal testimony. There is nothing distinctly Christian in mere morality. The unbelieving can subscribe to this—who do not, and cannot witness for Christ. But his followers are, or should be his witnesses.

Port Angeles, Washington.

### Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. John D. Parker.

Some one has said that the face of an angel is always represented by artists as "the face of a woman wept pure." It is true that sorrow rightly experienced tends to purify our lives. When one looks for smooth pebbles and pure shells he does not search the shores of rivers or of lakes where the shells are generally rough and often stained or discolored. Beautiful shells and smooth pebbles are always found along the shores of seas and oceans, where the waves have tumbled them about and washed them for untold ages. As smooth pebbles and beautiful shells are produced by the tumultuous waves of unnumbered storms, so the attrition and tumults of life polish the Christian and purify him for heaven.

\* \* \*

A Christian scientist has recently been studying wireless telegraphy and the Trinity. He says wireless telegraphy seems mysterious at first until one studies it carefully; then many things are very plain, while there still remain some things that he cannot fully understand. He comprehends how, if the wires are laid along the shores of a river with earth-plates, the electric current would naturally pass across the river from one plate to the other, without a connecting wire, for when the shore-lines are considerably extended this would be the line of least resistance. It is more difficult to understand how ships, separated many miles apart, can signal each other and send messages. The facts, however, are well established; the difficulty is in the philosophy. He says the mysteries of wireless telegraphy are as nothing compared to the mysteries of the Trinity. Still the facts of the Trinity are clearly revealed in Revelation. If we accept the facts of wireless telegraphy, why should we not accept the facts of the Trinity? The Bible clearly teaches that there is only one God, but he exists in three Hypostases—the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Redemption comes through the Son, and sanctification through the Holy Spirit. If there are unsolvable mysteries about the human soul, why should we not expect to find greater mysteries about the Infinite Soul of the Universe? How little do men know of the realms of space, or of the eras of time. The world is full of mysteries. No one can even tell how a blade of grass grows.

\* \* \*

John tells us when the soldiers came to the Cross to break the legs, they saw that Jesus was dead already, and they broke not his legs. But one of the soldiers pierced his side with a spear, and there came out water and blood. Water is an emblem of purity, and without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. When the heart of Christ is pierced, water and blood, the emblems of purity and redemption, gush forth. There seems to be a deep significance in these things.

\* \* \*

Paul speaks of "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." The wise man says, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." It is comparatively

easy for a man to obey the Moral Law in outward action. But to obey the moral law in our hearts is a very different matter. When a man does not think any evil, or cherish any sin in his heart, surely he is well on his way towards Paradise. Probably the reason some Christians claim moral perfection lies in the fact that they think sin is in the outer act, instead of in the soul. Who would care to have all the thoughts that enter into his heart in a single day written out on the wall.

\* \* \*

A recent writer says that in Central Asia there is a rock, high up on a mountain side, called the Lamp Rock, from which a strange light seems to issue. The natives, with superstitious fear, think that some dragon or demon lives in the cave, that causes this light supernaturally. But a bold English traveler was not satisfied with this explanation, and climbed up the mountain and investigated the phenomenon. The cave proved to be a tunnel which daylight from the other side shone through, making a strong glow or nimbus at the mouth of the dark cavern. The light was thus accounted for on natural principles, and the superstitious fear of the natives gradually passed away. A multitude of superstitious things in the world can be explained by a little scientific investigation. The supernatural and superstition are very different. While we believe God sometimes speaks to men and works miracles, it is not necessary to think that dragons and demons live in caves, and haunt our daily lives.

### The Fatherhood of God—What Does Christ Say about It?

By J. Rowell.

I have been much surprised and instructed by the results of a careful investigation of the teachings of Christ regarding the Fatherhood of God. I was led to make this search by the great prominence given to this doctrine by the advocates of the new theology. It is proclaimed as if it were a new and grand discovery, destined to transform the whole theological system. The cry comes to us from every quarter, linked with nearly every theme, and so multitudinous that it reminds us of our coyote that gives us his night song with such variety of intonation that we are sure that there are at least twenty of him.

This unspeakably precious truth is coming to have a prominence in religious teaching that is disproportionate and perilous. Men are led to believe that it solves the whole question of personal salvation. A prominent clergyman says, in substance, "If our minds can absorb the grand truth of the Fatherhood of God, we need not trouble ourselves about our theology—that will shape itself." And a prominent layman says, "Under my pastor's teaching, we have learned that we need to have no concern about sin and atonement, and that if we do as well as we know how, we shall come out all right."

Another layman writes, "It has made the people satisfied with themselves; no anxiety about being converted; do the best you know how and you are all right." And these are legitimate conclusions. The doctrine of the universal Fatherhood of God, leads directly to that of the universal salvation of men."

Thinking about these things, and finding often, in my work, sad results of this unscriptural teaching, I made a careful canvass of the teachings of Christ on this theme and learned several facts, viz.:

I. That the doctrine did not originate with Christ. Ten times it is distinctly named in the Old Testament, and clearly implied in hundreds of texts. Our Lord took



the truth as he found it there, dwelt upon it, magnified it, and brought it into close and blessed relation to the life and salvation of men.

II. That he used the word "Father" as applied to God at least one hundred and sixty times, and with three somewhat unlike shades of meaning.

(a) Seventy-five times, or more, he used the expression, "My Father." In this list I include the terms, "Our Father," "Abba Father," etc. In many of these utterances there is wonderful pathos and beauty. Surely, no other man ever realized a hundredth part of the power and value of the Fatherhood of God, in personal relation, as did Christ, our brother. No Christian can gather these filial cries, and consider them by themselves, without having his own conceptions of the glorious truth, elevated and refined.

(b) Then our Savior brings away his thought of the Father, and applies it, as well as he may, to the needs of those nearest himself—his chosen disciples. About twenty times he used the word, "Your Father." In every case of this use, the word is emphatic, and carries a definite lesson, "Thy Father who seeth in secret"; "Your Father will also forgive"; "Your Father knoweth," "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

In these two lists of texts, which contain more than one-half of all Christ's uses of the word "father," as applied to God, we find no hint of our modern doctrine; we must look for it, then, in those that remain.

(c) Nearly seventy times Christ used the expression, "The Father," and in very few of these does the word seriously affect the meaning of the text. In most of them the word "God" might have been used, and the sense have remained the same. The Fatherhood of God was not the thought in his mind when he uttered them. Almost all writers and speakers have what may be called their pet expressions, which they use habitually without much thought of their definite meaning. Christ, too, was human, and the word, "the Father," was a pet phrase with him, which he used very often without emphasis, and with no intention to teach a definite lesson. In such texts as these, "The Father judgeth no man," "The Father hath life in himself," "What he seeth the Father do," "The Father hath borne witness," no one sees any intent to assert the Fatherhood of God, or to draw any practical lesson from the fact that he is the Father. The word seems to drop from his lips almost without his knowledge. He seems to have used it with scarcely more purpose than many good Christians use the name of God in their prayers.

What have I found, then, by this search? Just this—that the Fatherhood of God is a strong consolation for the children of God, but is no ground whatever for a hope of salvation to any unregenerate man. There is not, in the teaching of Christ, on this theme, one word to show that any man can be saved without godly repentance for sin, self-consecrating faith in the crucified Savior, and the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit. The unregenerate man stands, in regard to this truth, on the same level with the sparrows and the young ravens; God is his Creator, Preserver and bountiful Provider, and feels a tender interest in all his welfare. As Father, he feels an intense desire for the salvation of every man, but cannot save him in any other than his appointed way.

The Fatherhood of God, preached so as to make men feel "satisfied with themselves, with no anxiety about being converted," is not the doctrine of Christ, but a "cunningly devised fable" of Satan, intended to lull sinners into false security, and damn their souls; and those who so preach it will by and by stand at the judgment

Seat and hear the terrible demand, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?" "Blind leaders of the blind, both fall into the ditch."

I thank God that Campbell Morgan, who has come over the seas to stand in Moody's shoes, takes for the foundation stone of his theology, not "God is a Father," but "God is King." Those two schools, at Northfield and Chicago, are bound to lay a strong shaping hand on the theology and the religious life of this twentieth century, and they will point to the Cross of Christ as the only refuge for sinful men.

## The Sunday-School.

World's Temperance Lesson. (Isa. v: 11-17, 22, 23.)

Lesson VIII. November 24, 1901.

It is not possible to say too much against the evil of strong drink. It has been the great evil of the centuries. It has ruined more lives, brought sorrow to more homes, than anything else in the world. We have gleaned for this week a few thoughts which will show the folly of those who tamper with the wine cup.

A young lawyer had a few years ago every prospect of great success in his calling, when he met a young lady, well educated and accomplished. After a short acquaintance they were married. Soon she began to neglect her household duties, grew peevish, and had constant headaches. Her husband thought nothing about it until, returning home one night, he was shocked to find his wife helplessly intoxicated. Before her marriage she had been in the habit of indulging in wine and the habit grew upon her until she became its slave. The husband, disheartened by his wife's conduct, took to drink, thinking to drown his grief, and soon found himself the debased slave of the drink demon. He lost his employment, his savings all went for drink, his wardrobe went for drink, his furniture followed, until he was without employment, houseless and penniless, and separated from his wife and children. O, the bitterness of the slavery of the wine drinker!

It is a mistake to suppose that alcohol is nutritious. Some honestly believe that a barrel of whisky would go as far in supporting a family as would a cow! But this is one of the devil's delusions. A few statements from high medical authority follow:

Baron Liebig, the celebrated German chemist, says: "We can prove, with mathematical certainty, that as much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter, an English medical author, says: "Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues."

Dr. F. R. Lees says: "It is no lime and phosphorus for the bones; no salts for the blood; no nitrogen in any form for vital tissue of any kind; and it is not even a solid, as all real food is and must be."

Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, the foremost physician in Great Britain, says: "It does not supply water; therefore it is not a water-food. It does not supply salts; therefore it is not a saline food, and would never help to make the bony skeleton. It does not supply caseine, albumen, fibrine, or any other of those substances which go to build up the muscles, nerves, and other active organs."

Dr. Figg of England once gave four ounces of cold roast mutton to each of two dogs, and one and a half ounces of distilled spirit to one of them. In three hours he killed them both. In the stomach of the dog which had taken the meat alone, all the food was digested. In



the stomach of the dog which had taken both meat and alcohol, none of the food was digested. Think of people drinking liquor for dyspepsia!

Dr. F. D. Davis of Chicago says: "The most rigorous, varied and skillful scientific investigations have demonstrated that no form of alcoholic drink is capable of either warming, strengthening, nourishing, or sustaining the life of any human being."

The International Medical Congress, convened at Philadelphia during the Centennial of 1876, made the following statement: "Alcohol is not shown to have a definite food value by any of the usual methods of chemical analysis or physiological investigation."

Rev. W. F. Crafts draws the following conclusions: "The nourishment in alcoholics is about as hard to discover as the warmth of the moon, which is found by delicate instruments to be one-twelfth of that of an ordinary candle twelve feet away."

In the city of New Orleans, so one of their papers says, a group of well-dressed young men with plenty of money, were standing at the bar, when a tramp pushed open the swinging doors, and, with bleared eyes, looked at them appealingly. They ordered a drink for him, and then boisterously demanded that he make a speech. After swallowing the liquor the tramp, with a dignity and eloquence that showed how far he had fallen in the social scale, said, "Gentlemen, I look at you and at myself, and I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home, and friends and position, and a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream. I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draft. I had children as lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lighted the flame upon the altar and ministered before it; and I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as heaven, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them, that I might be tortured with their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink." The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his hand shivered into fragments. The swinging-doors opened and when the group about the bar looked up, the tramp had gone out into the December night, to wander, no doubt, till dawn; but those he left behind had caught a glimpse of the arid life that comes to the wine drinker.

W. W. Clark, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, tells of a night-time visit to the Bowery Mission in New York. "It was at the close of the meeting, so we stood by the door. At the platform a dozen men were kneeling as penitents. But our attention was riveted upon a man near by, leaning forward to catch every word of what was said. A refined, intelligent, gentlemanly face was concealed behind a patch of mud and clots of blood. His clothes were torn and covered with dirt from the gutter. Soon he rose and hastened toward the door, when I took him by the arm and pulled him back. 'My friend, you are in trouble and we are here to help you.' Startled at being held, he stood erect and faced us. Two bruises were on his head and the blood was dripping from a cut on his chin down upon a clean shirt and collar. 'Yes,' said he, 'I am in great trouble, I assure you. This morning I left the hospital and I am still very weak. I

have had but three drinks and I've got fifteen cents left to get some more and then'—'Stay,' we said, 'come here,' and we put him in the hands of John Wyburn, who had been there himself and who knew what to do with a man who was down. At the wash-basin the dirt and blood were removed from as refined a face as I ever saw, and the promise of coffee and food in the restaurant below, with a clean bed above, brought from him the kindest expressions of gratitude. Who was he? A college graduate, a member of a prominent church, a professional man whose name is well known in this community. From a high position of responsibility he had fallen to the depths of a Bowery gutter."

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that whisky is now manufactured out of old rags. We see nothing remarkable about this. Every one knows that nearly all the old rags now in the country are manufactured out of whisky, and there is no apparent reason why the process may not work as well one way as another; from whisky to rags and from rags to whisky. What a business it is!"

#### Practical Hints.

Satan does not need to tempt some men; they seek him. V. 11.

Revelry leads to licentiousness. V. 12.

The drinking man is a bondman. V. 13.

Man's greatest lack is the lack of sense. V. 13.

Vice seldom come alone. V. 14.

'Strong drink digs more graves than war or pestilence. V. 14.

Drunkenness curses both mean and mighty. V. 15.

Humanity cannot revere divinity, if sin is tolerated. V. 16.

Habit grows by indulgence. V. 22.

Mighty in the bar-room, weak on the bench. Vs. 22, 23.

It is a sin to license sin. V. 23.

Woe to them who seek might and money rather than right and justice. V. 23.

## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Thanksgiving. (Isa. xxv: 1-8.)

Topic for November 24, 1901.

Gladness is not gratitude. Celebrations may be utterly void of thanksgiving. We may have a day appointed for Thanksgiving and keep it simply as a day of pleasure. It is quite possible to receive gifts with politeness and the proper expressions of thanks without being truly grateful. It is sometimes a task to teach children to say "Thank you," but it is quite as difficult for grown people to feel it. Perhaps in no trait of character do we more easily mistake the external expression for the internal condition. So it might be very good for us to do some careful thinking as well as loud singing at this meeting.

\* \* \*

In the first place, thanksgiving ought not to be an expression of our feelings, merely. Gratitude is our appreciation of a fact, however we may feel about it. We can not always see facts very clearly. We do not always discriminate between occurrences which convey a blessing and those which do not. At first his sale to traveling slave dealers did not appear a matter for gratitude to Joseph. It is not likely he sang many songs of thanksgiving on his way to Egypt. But there came a time when he saw reason for thanking God for that experience. Paul and Silas praised God in the Philippian jail because their faith kept their vision clear, and they understood the



facts. With bruised limbs and smarting backs, and the prospect of an early execution next day, probably they did not feel any better than Joseph did on his way to the land of the Pharaohs. But they appreciated the real relation they held to their Lord. So they shouted praises where other men would have been despondent.

\* \* \*

Real thanksgiving comes from far-thinking; a hilarious celebration may be the result of the lack of it. A Christian's thanksgiving is one which sees as other men do not and appreciates as others cannot, all the facts of God's personal love for us. We see this whether the first and immediate prospect of our experience is pleasurable or sorrowful. It requires very little inspiration or training to enjoy a thanksgiving day when everything has been prosperous in our affairs. When the shadow of death has not invaded our homes, or financial loss followed our efforts, or we have had no discouraging battle with illness, it is easy and natural to look upon our circumstances with a good degree of satisfaction, and even triumph. The words come very smoothly to our lips: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

But it is a great lesson to learn that God is continually pouring upon us all an uninterrupted stream of blessings. That, when the storm of loss and suffering and disappointment is at its worst in our experience, God is in the midst of our life with all his wisdom and love doing good things for us, is the real reason why our gratitude should never wane.

\* \* \*

It is well to have a specific reason and a particular service for recalling these truths and saving them from forgetfulness. We need to remind ourselves that one result of the Christian culture ought to be a life of joy, in spite of every combined effort to make it otherwise. One of the benefits of entering this Christian path which ought to be understood very clearly is that this is a joyful life in any case, whether the course is rough or smooth. Jesus expected that of his disciples, whether they were on the Mount of Glory or in a raging storm on the Sea of Galilee. It is not a proper observance to exhaust Thanksgiving Day with piling up figures of crops and receipts, and good things had in the past or on hand to date. We need a hundred times more to look in the future with happy thoughts than we do to recall the past pleasantly. Assure me of the future and I can master the past. The Christian way to observe Thanksgiving is to see and to appreciate the fact that God has filled the days and years to come with good things as well as marked the past with gracious gifts.

\* \* \*

This is a day, too, when we are to impress ourselves that our trials are not so woeful as they appear. The old question of the disciples in the tempest, for which Jesus rebuked them, is ever rising to our lips, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Often we do not associate our loving Lord with our afflictions in any way but that of complaining or doubt. Thanksgiving Day ought to cure this. He is never nearer than when we suffer and are tried to the limit of our endurance. It is then that the skillful touch of the Divine hand is mingled with our affairs, to work out for us those triumphant results which would be impossible without the discipline through which we pass so discontentedly.

\* \* \*

More than all, an acceptable thanksgiving to God must place the unfading benefits above those that cannot be permanent. If I am more thankful for a good bank

account, fine crops, high prices and a well-loaded table than I am for Christ's friendship, a place in his kingdom and an opportunity to be of service to him while I live, my thanksgiving will not be very pleasing to him. Thanksgiving Day ought to free us from the subjection we are in to money, merchandise and merry-making. Sonship in the kingdom of God, a soul redeemed and healthy in its aspirations, a permanent participation in the eternal plans of our Father and an imperishable joy therefrom, are the real things to be thankful for.

### Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
	819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
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	1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
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	2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People's Work.....	Miss Alice M. Flint
	60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.

### Via Christi.

#### An Introduction to the Study of Missions.

The Outlook speaks of this little book as follows: "This is the first volume of a series undertaken by the Woman's Boards of Missions in interdenominational co-operation, to promote a thorough study of Christian missions. It covers the history of these to the nineteenth century, with the missionary history of which the following volumes will deal. While brief in compass, it possesses some original features of decided merit. Not only for these, but for the practical Christian union, which it represents, of bodies that hitherto have worked separately, it deserves adoption throughout the wide constituency for which it has been prepared." This book may be obtained from the Macmillan Co., New York, for the sum of 50 cents.

In the preface we learn that "the little book attempts to show what Christian missions continued to do and to teach from the Apostolic age to the beginning of the period of modern effort."

The subjects of the chapters give an idea of the scope of the work: "Paul to Constantine"; "Constantine to Charlemagne"; "Charlemagne to Bernard of Clairvaux"; "Bernard to Luther"; "Luther to the Halle Missionaries"; "The Halle Missionaries to Carey and Judson." Under each of the six chapters are tables giving "Great Events," "Great Names," "Great Productions."

For example, Table I gives its first line as follows: Under "Great Events," the Crucifixion; under "Great Names," Seneca; under "Great Productions," Coliseum. Selections from the writings and prayers of the early Christians are given, also famous hymns. The whole scheme is most suggestive, and would prove very helpful to any who would thus undertake a systematic study of missions. The book is issued in paper covers, at thirty cents a copy. With one copy in the hands of the leader of each auxiliary, programs of interest could be planned, and parts assigned which could be studied up through private and public libraries. Under every chapter is given a list of "Themes for Study or Discussion," and of "Books of Reference."

This is a part of the course of study recommended by the World's Committee appointed at the time of the Ecumenical Conference. While the whole plan covers a



course of seven years' study, it is not necessary to decide upon following it for so long a time, as that may prove a discouraging feature to those not already enthusiastic in missionary work. Try it for one year. Instead of the aimless, desultory programs often given in our meetings, and dependence upon the happening of a missionary speaker, we shall have definite, profitable themes to discuss. The literary and historical interest of these themes may attract many. With this course of study as a basis, we should use our own denominational literature and letters from our own missionaries. *Alice D. Jewett.*

### From Mrs. Baldwin of Turkey.

[The following letter was written to a Berkeley lady with whom Mrs. Baldwin became acquainted in Dresden last summer.]

Broussa, Aug. 31, 1901.

Do you know what great event I am looking forward to? Nothing less than the arrival of a lady to help me in the school—Miss Holt, from Duluth, Minn. She was expected, in company with some returned missionaries, to arrive in Constantinople day before yesterday by French steamer via Marseilles, and my husband went to C. on that day to welcome her and escort her by Turkish steamer and train to Broussa.

You can imagine in what a flutter of excitement I am and how I want everything in the house to be in good order and look as attractive as possible to one who has left home and friends, and so much that is dear to her, to labor in this far-away place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps in some way you will hear of the school work, which I wrote about at length in my semi-annual letter to the W. B. M. P. It was a great pleasure to graduate three such nice girls as the photograph shows, although it hardly does them justice, as we have no photographer here who really understands the business.

We have the prospect of increased numbers next year, and so I shall have much planning to do until the program for day-school and boarding department is well arranged; after that I hope the actual daily work will be less, that home and friends and letters may not all be crowded into a corner.

I had thought to go to C. myself for a few weeks this vacation, but there has been considerable excitement in Constantinople about the plague, or suspicious cases, and quarantine and medical inspectors have made the going back and forth tedious and uncomfortable.

Heavier rains than usual in the late spring gave our garden such a start that the flowers all vie with each other, to see which can grow the fastest, and it looks like the old-fashioned gardens we read about, for we can't keep anything within bounds. We have many varieties that are not found in other Broussa gardens, so that we sometimes have callers who come on purpose to see the flowers. For the church we always have fresh cut flowers on Sunday, and I think the natives enjoy seeing them on the pulpit now, though at first it was quite an innovation.

But, my arm warns me that I have written enough—the elbow still troubles me, and now the first joint on the middle finger of the right hand is beginning to swell and be painful. How I wish there was a real good physician here who could understand such things, and one could be under treatment without leaving home and work.

The season has been a plentiful one for fruit, and I have had canning and preserving going on, too—doing nearly all of it myself, for natives do not understand our ways. \* \* \* It is twenty-one years ago since we came to Broussa. \* \* \*

### Book Notices.

"The Convert and His Relations." By L. A. Munhall, D.D. In his evangelistic work Dr. Munhall often wished for a book that would succinctly, yet comprehensively, reveal the teaching of the Word of God concerning the relations into which the convert had come, and that could be put into the hands of such for careful study. Not finding such a book he resolved to write one. In it the convert is considered in his relation to Christ, to the Holy Spirit, to the Church, to the Bible, to the world, to the work, to the Future. The book contains 194 pages and is published by Eaton & Mains of New York for \$1. It may be had at 1037 Market street, San Francisco.

"The Sunny Side of Christianity." By Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. The Revell Co. of Chicago publish for 60 cents net this handsome volume of 123 pages. Dr. Parkhurst never fails to write attractively. He considers in this volume: "Love in the Heart vs. Phosphorus in the Brain;" "Love as a Theory and an Experience;" "Love as a Lubricant;" and "Love as a Means of Knowing." Among the many suggestive thoughts we quote this: "In paying a missionary's salary I suppose a dollar is a dollar, but even so I cannot but think that God is more interested in watching our hearts as we were putting our offering on the plate than he is in watching the figuring up of the results."

"Across the Continent of the Years." By Newell Dwight Hillis. This is a volume in the series "Ideal Messages," which the Revells of Chicago are publishing. They are booklets bound in old English paper boards, embossed, selling for 25 cents net. They are ideal for a remembrance to a friend at the Christmas or New Year time. Another is "Beyond the Marshes," by Ralph Connor. It is indeed "a word of encouragement." In "He's Coming Tomorrow," Harriet Beecher Stowe has a "Word on the Coming of Christ." In the volume entitled "For Eyes That Weep," there is a comfort for those bereaved of children. In "Unto Him" Bishop Vincent has "a simple word about coming to Jesus Christ." This will be helpful to the person who has not yet confessed Christ. In this volume by Dr. Hillis the journey of earth's pilgrims across the continent of the years is considered, and Christ is shown to be the way across that continent, and when weary with earth's troubles and sins, at last the soul rests upon the eaves of God's house. Christ is the door that opens for welcome and refuge."

"The National Council of Congregational Churches of the United States." By Rev. E. Lyman Hood, M.A., Ph.D., member of the American Historical Association. Mr. Hood says in the preface: "It has been my purpose to tell the history of the Council as much as possible in the language of its own decisions and acts. To tell the story as simply as possible and to seek the interpretation of its function in the abiding principles of our polity, which have governed our churches from the beginning, has been the constant aim. To each session go up delegates not present in former councils, anxious, withal, to enter intelligently by sympathetic knowledge into the work of the assembly. This class, especially, has been borne continually in mind." The importance of the Council is emphasized as follows: "With the growing expansion of the nation and the multiplication of our churches, there is more and more manifest an earnest desire for fellowship. The proverbial 'rope of sand' polity will no longer endure the strain put upon it by a faith which reaches from ocean to ocean, and even to the islands of the sea. Centripetal forces are in the air. Cen-



tralization prevails everywhere. The churches have learned by experience that there is strength in union. The Council came at a critical time and fulfilled expectations. It has been accepted as the logical and necessary outcome. In it the churches have found a bond of privilege and blessing. Already it has vindicated its right to be, and has practically overcome all hostile criticism." The book contains, among other things, a chapter on "The Function of the Council." Mr. Hood has done his work well. The Congregational fellowship will be grateful to him as well as to the late Dr. Quint, who suggested it. [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago. Pages. 253. 75 cents.]

## Church News.

### Northern California.

Green Valley.—Seven persons were welcomed into fellowship Sunday, six on confession and one by letter. The work is prospering.

San Francisco, Olivet.—At the communion on November 3d there were received into fellowship two by letter and one by confession, and six children were baptized. The annual dinner and bazaar lately held netted the congregation near \$200. The church has been repainted recently.

Decoto.—H. H. Wikoff gave a lecture on "God's Temple," illustrated with many fine stereopticon views, on Sunday evening, November 3d. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by our people. It showed plainly the interdependence of all missionary work. The Sunday-school observed "Rally Day" last Sunday, with a large attendance and interesting program, arranged by the Superintendent, Miss May Haines. A "Cradle Roll" of seven members was organized, under the leadership of Mrs. J. H. Peterson.

Woodland.—We have gotten back into our church again after a short stay-out, during which the Baptist people let us hold service in their church. Our church looks like new, is, in fact, nearly so. It has a fine new brick foundation, new roof on main building and social rooms. It has a new coat of paint outside and newly plastered and tinted walls and ceilings; then, also, new carpets and stores throughout. The woodwork has all been varnished; also the seats and the cushions renovated and covered anew. The Sunday-school put in electric lights instead of the gas and the Endeavor Society gives us a new individual communion set. All is paid for and every society in the church has money left in its treasury. The work of the church is in the best condition it has been for several years. There is especially a very marked improvement in the spiritual work of the church. The pastor, W. E. M. Stewart, has been sick for some days, but will be in his place Sunday, November 10th, when he begins reading to his evening congregation a serial he has prepared with the title of "Coral—a Story of the Better Self." There is much interest in it here as it has been highly praised by the reviewers in the East, where it has been sought for publication.

### Southern California.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—Eight persons were received to this church by letter, the first Sunday of November.

Los Angeles, Central Avenue.—On communion Sabbath, November 3d, three members were received by letter.

Corona.—At the communion, November 3d, three persons were added to the membership of the church—two on confession and one by letter.

Sierra Madre.—This church is supplied for the present by Prof. D. H. Colcord of Pomona College. It is proposed to wait till its parsonage is completed before calling a new pastor.

Ontario.—Four members were received at the Sunday morning communion service, November 3d. In the evening the regular monthly union meeting of the several churches of the place was held in the Congregational church.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—For five years this church has given a dinner on Thanksgiving Day to the poor families of the city. It now sends out its appeal for supplies for this year's dinner; also for money to buy things not otherwise donated.

Claremont.—Among those admitted by letter to this church last Sunday were members of the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Christian and Evangelical Lutheran denominations. A church so constituted comes pretty near to being a union church in fact as well as name.

Pasadena First.—Rev. L. H. Frary of Pomona exchanged with Pastor Lathe November 10th. The plan inaugurated last year, of having a monthly all-day meeting for the women's societies of the church, with basket lunch at noon, has been found so successful that it is to be continued this year with promise of even better results. There is an earnest response in the church to the "Win One Band" movement.

Perris.—A supply of new song books has just been received; new Hymnals having been provided a few months ago; now the church is well supplied with new books. Last Sunday evening the pastor, G. F. Mathes, delivered the fourth sermon of the series on "The Antitheses of Character," the subject being, "Jephthah, the Superstitious Vow; Ruth, the Religious Vow." It was a splendid sermon, portraying the influence of woman in history. It was highly appreciated by a large audience and many spoke in high praise concerning it.

Los Angeles First.—The First church has sold its property on Sixth and Hill for \$76,000, net, with possession of the house, free of rent for six months. For a season the purchase of Simpson Auditorium, was contemplated. But, by a very decided vote, that plan has been abandoned and a new site will be secured and a new house of worship erected, to which the memorial organ will be removed. Recently, the junior pastor, Rev. Wm. Horace Day, made a tour of our Home Missionary churches in San Diego county, preaching in several places.

### Arizona.

Jerome, Arizona.—Rev. Otto Anderson, who lately left Southern California to take charge of this church, writes that five were received to membership November 3d, one on confession and four by letter. A choir has been organized and a blackboard provided for the Sunday-school. A Sunday-school Institute, in which the Congregational and Methodist churches united, was conducted October 26th and 27th by Superintendent H. P. Case. It was well attended.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children secured the conviction and punishment of nearly 3,000 culprits last year.



### Notes and Personals.

Rev. Dr. Day of Olivet church and Rev. W. D. Kidd of San Mateo exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Prof. F. H. Foster of the Pacific Seminary will speak at the next Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on the subject of "Miracles."

Rev. H. Hammond Cole is still suffering greatly from nervous prostration, and he and Mrs. Cole ask the prayers of God's people that grace may be given them to abide his holy will.

Rev. F. V. Jones of Park church of San Francisco occupied the pulpit of the Third Congregational church last Sunday morning and evening. Prof. Foster took Mr. Jones' place at Park church.

Several ministers in Oakland have been swindled by a man professing to be a solicitor for the Review of Reviews. He took subscriptions at a reduced rate, but the magazines never put in an appearance. This statement is made so that others elsewhere may be put on their guard.

Rev. H. E. Banham, who has been pastor of the church at Cloverdale for the last five years, has presented his resignation and has accepted a call to the church and educational work at Waimea, Kauai, H. I. He expects to enter upon his new work early in January. We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Banham from California, but are glad the work in Waimea is to fall into so good hands.

Prof. R. R. Lloyd of the Pacific Theological Seminary is filling the Palo Alto pulpit for a few Sundays during the absence of Dr. Baldwin in Southern California. The Palo Alto Times of recent date says: "The address of Rev. Raymond C. Brooks of East Oakland last Sunday was much enjoyed." It is also stated that the Sunday-school class for the older folks, led by Prof. Show, and the class for younger folks by Mrs. Baldwin, continue to grow in interest and in numbers.

Rev. W. E. Eckles, pastor at Green Valley, writes as follows: "As a pastor who has received help from the presence and work of Rev. J. B. Orr, I wish to express through the columns of The Pacific a few words of appreciation and commendation. His meetings are helpful; his sermons are strong, clear presentations of gospel truths. He did us good. I heartily commend him to the churches." Mr. Orr began meetings at Porterville last Sunday.

While the Rev. E. J. Singer, Superintendent of the work of the C. S. S. and P. S. in Central and Northern California, was dozing in the depot at Goshen, in Tulare county, one night last week, some thief carried off his valise which contained a coat and vest, a Bible, some sermons and other manuscripts. Mr. Singer himself escaped. Doubtless when that thief opened the case and found sermons and Bible he thought his medicine not of the most palatable sort for such as he.

A church in a college town always has a wide field of influence. We are greatly gratified to read in the Pomona Progress that the reports at the recent annual meeting of the church in Claremont show that all departments are in a good condition. The congregations are large, filling the chapel and adjoining room every Sunday. The Sunday-school has a membership of 224. A church building is needed and a committee has been appointed to look up a desirable location. Arrangements are being made for the installation of Rev. Henry Kingman on the 10th of December.

The church at Rio Vista had recently, in a series of meetings, the services of Rev. B. M. Palmer of Benicia. On the 4th of November a letter of Christian greeting, signed by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Cragin, and W. B. Crossley, clerk, was forwarded to the Benicia church, from which we quote as follows: "We wish to express our appreciation of your kindness in giving your pastor a ten days' leave of absence to assist us in evangelistic work. It was, as we think, a telling way of expressing Christian fellowship. Mr. Palmer's services were, as you cannot but know, very valuable. His sermons were strong, fresh, loving, earnest, spiritual. His personality was manly and winning. His pastoral calls were helpful. His motives were unselfish and lofty. We believe he has a very useful future before him. We trust his work with you may be greatly blessed. In behalf of and by vote of the Congregational church of Rio Vista, at the public service, Nov. 3, 1901."

Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa and Dr. Pond of Bethany church, this city, had an exchange of pulpits last Sunday. Mr. Rathbone informs us that a committee has been appointed in the church at Santa Rosa to look after the raising of the 10 cents per member voted at the last meeting of the General Association to enable The Pacific to employ help, so as to make it possible to build up the circulation of the paper. It is worthy of note that the first amount paid in for this purpose came from a little Home Missionary church of twenty members. This was from Sunol. Mrs. W. H. Cooke, wife of the pastor, handed \$2 to the editor the day after the vote was taken, saying that she would endeavor to get that amount from the church, and that if she did not succeed it would be taken from their tithe. This is only one thing showing the estimate placed upon The Pacific among our churches. If all the churches will see to it that the sum voted is raised and sent in, it will be possible for us to add the names of several hundred subscribers to the subscription list and lay a splendid foundation for the building up of the paper into such a condition that it can serve in the best possible manner the churches of California and the entire Pacific Coast. Friends, this is your paper. Your church needs it; every church needs it, but it has not the hearty support that other denominational papers that are published on the Coast are receiving. There must, in some way, be an increased interest in the paper among the churches.

Park church, Berkeley, was the recipient recently of a communion table. It came from the members of the White Ribbon League, who asked the church to accept the table and use it for communion purposes or in whatever way might to it seem best. The table is of redwood, in harmony with the finishings of the church, of colonial style, and fills a need long felt. Mrs. Mary Hedley Scudder, the wife of the pastor, writes as follows: "It was a complete surprise, as the little girls had kept the secret inviolable, and many people were moved to tears as the pastor read their letter, and they saw the beautiful table, and in a few close to it the earnest faces of the children who had so acceptably shown their love to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Wright deserve much credit for the way they have led these girls, from the Infant Department up to the present time, and they have made a lasting impression on these young lives. It has been a delightful experience to us to see the devotion of the people to their church; quietly and unostentatiously, we find new articles added, which do much to help the whole. Two fine palms were planted on the lawn; a plain though artistic pulpit was quietly placed in position. Book racks were found one Sunday, the work of a busy man



between hours. An electric lantern is being hung so that the mid-week worshipers may have light enough to see the path. A well designed system of electric buttons was arranged recently, and now plans are on foot to put an organ in the church as a memorial. Four united with the church last Sunday, making twenty-two since the March communion, and in many other ways a quiet, progressive work is going on which in time will tell."

### A Welcome.

The reception given Tuesday evening to Rev. L. P. Hitchcock and wife in the First church of Alameda was a pleasant affair. Mr. J. E. Agar presided, and told of the joy of the church, in that they had a pastor once more. The Rev. George Morris, the first pastor of the church, and now pastor of the West End church, was present to give words of welcome, as were also the pastors of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches.

The Rev. Dr. McLean, who had just returned from Washington, brought loving remembrance for the church from the Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Scudder, and greetings to and best wishes for the new pastor and his wife.

The Rev. Dr. Adams of San Francisco extended also a hearty welcome, as did also Professor C. S. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary.

Mr. Hitchcock said that he was here to build on Mr. Scudder's foundation, and that there was only one thing he could preach, only one thing he would preach, and that was our Lord Jesus Christ.

There was a large attendance, many being present from points about the bay. There was an interesting musical program. Refreshments were served. All in all it was a right royal welcome to these servants of Christ to the work in Alameda and California.

### Sonoma Association.

The Sonoma Association of Congregational churches met with the church at Petaluma November 5th and 6th. The beautiful new church was thrown open for the occasion and both pastor and people gave a hearty welcome to the visitors. Petaluma is certainly to be congratulated upon the possession of so fine a building and the pastor and people of the First Congregational church may well rejoice in the opportunities for service with such a well equipped house. The Association was called to order by Rev. L. D. Rathbone of Santa Rosa, and Rev. R. B. Cherington of Kenwood was chosen Moderator. Rev. S. C. Patterson, pastor of the entertaining church, made the address of welcome, which was responded to by the Moderator.

The following subjects were considered: "Would the Sunday-school Be Better Served if Its Officers and Teachers Were Salaried?" by Rev. L. D. Rathbone; "The Value of the Prayer-meeting," by Rev. H. E. Banham; "Is the C. E. Movement Less a Spiritual Force than Formerly?" by Rev. R. B. Cherington; "The Inexhaustible Treasures of the Bible to the Sermon Maker," by Rev. W. E. Eckles. The Associational sermon was preached by Rev. Chas. C. Kirtland. Mrs. F. B. Perkins of Oakland represented the Woman's Home Missionary Union and Mrs. R. B. Cherington of Kenwood spoke for the Woman's Board. Revs. E. J. Singer, J. K. Harrison, Walter Frear and H. H. Wykoff represented our respective societies.

An unusual feature of the Association was a vote taken to attempt to raise five hundred dollars for the California Home Missionary Society for the year April 1, 1901, to April 1, 1902. After taking this vote the Association resolved itself into a committee of the whole

and apportioned the amount among the various churches.

During the closing service we listened to two excellent addresses, one by Rev. J. H. Goodell of Oakland on "The Supply and Training of Ministers"; the other by Rev. Prof. Nash of our Theological Seminary on "Signs of Encouragement in Christian Progress." Mr. Goodell impressed upon our minds, and upon our hearts also, the fact that the supply and training of ministers lay with the churches as well as with the seminary. He simply made us feel that the churches and the Seminary were working together in preparing men for the gospel ministry, and incidentally inspired us with a feeling of love for and loyalty to our own school at Berkeley.

Prof. Nash held up before us a picture taken in the sunlight with a clear sky overhead. It was a straightforward presentation of Christian progress as it is manifested in the world today. He did not find that this generation had failed to fulfill its obligations, but rather that Christianity had been doing an essential work in meeting the demands of this age and that because this work was done the larger and brighter future was made possible.

Miss Catharine Denmand and Mr. G. E. Baugh of Petaluma furnished special music. The meeting of the Association was both interesting and helpful.

Chas. C. Kirtland, Scribe.

### "The Pacific" not a Mendicant.

*Mr Editor:* In a recent report of a Congregational Association I notice an expression to which I ask the privilege of calling attention. The writer says: "Rev. W. W. Ferrier was given a place to present the claims of The Pacific." Now, without the least criticism upon the intention of the reporter of this gathering, I wish strongly to protest against the view which is here presented, I have no doubt in this instance, unconsciously. This expression sounds as if The Pacific were some outside affair, with no vital and indispensable connection with the life and work of our Congregational churches. It reads as if the person named had some private enterprise of his own, which he thought of value to the class of people attending the Association, and, upon application, was courteously given an opportunity to present the advantages of his goods. I fear there is too much of this feeling abroad among our churches. If this is so, this expression is an unfortunate one and it is a good time to make some effort at its correction.

The Pacific is not a private enterprise. The Editor is not hawking his wares up and down our coast. This periodical is a necessary and integral part of our church existence and progress west of the Rockies. It is not to our honor as Congregationalists or as Christians that The Pacific does not feel the inspiring support and appreciation which would leave no suggestion in the editor's mind that it would be a good thing to leave his sanctum and travel about the State to urge a larger use of his means of intelligence, growth and helpfulness among the constituency. As our work is contituted in these Pacific States the editor of our Journal is as much a part of us as the minister or the officers of our State bodies. We ought not to think of him otherwise: and his place anywhere among us ought to be as cordial and natural as that of the most untiring workers of our field. Next time let us say: "The Editor of The Pacific was warmly welcomed as he spoke to us of one of the most helpful and essential departments of our Church work in the State."

Reader.



## Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

The Northwestern Association of Washington held one of its grandest meetings with Pilgrim church, Seattle, on the 5th and 6th inst. The social gathering of pastors and delegates on the Monday evening previous was a fitting preface for what was to follow. Pilgrim church and its pastor, Rev. Edward Lincoln Smith, together with the Business Committee, had made every preparation, and none better could have been made to effect in the minds and hearts of the attendants, an inspiration and helpfulness unsurpassed at any similar session of our associated churches. The program was not large when measured by inches, nor by the number of papers and addresses mentioned thereon. But it was great in the quality of their richness, sweetness and sympathetic uplifting.

The Northwest Coast was represented from the lower Columbia river at the South to Fraser river in British Columbia on the north.

Our committee had invited the Tacoma Association to come over, attend and participate. We were glad to extend to them again our fellowship as when, some years ago, we were one in the old Puget Sound Association.

It was something of a pity when the division was suggested, and we took for the designation of the parts the names of the rival cities. Before inviting the churches of British Columbia to join the Seattle Association, its name was changed to the Northwestern. The representation from the Northern Province was from the church at Victoria and the First and Second churches of Vancouver, Rev. R. B. Blythe being the pastor of the first named as well as Missionary Superintendent for the Canadian Home Missionary Society in British Columbia.

Rev. J. H. Bainton, with his delegate, represented the First church, and Rev. W. A. Vrooman, the Second Congregational church of Vancouver. This latter church and its pastor were received into standing and fellowship at this meeting. The churches of Nelson and Phoenix make up the five of our denomination in that province.

Rev. D. H. Reid, their missionary evangelist, has quite recently gathered the church at the latter point, and remains as an acting pastor until the completion and dedication of its new building, toward the erection of which one person in that community has contributed one thousand dollars.

But the geography which I have given you, it seems, is not to limit the bounds of our body, for at the request of the church and of Superintendent Davies, the church at Nome, Alaska, two thousand miles away, almost to the farthest north, is made one of us. The Pacific Coast Congress and its useful benefits was the topic of an address by Superintendent W. W. Scudder, Jr. Its purpose and desirability were made very clear and the preparation for its coming is receiving the best attention of those having the matter in charge. The presence of your Dr. McLean of the Pacific Theological Seminary was an inspiration to us all. His sermon and addresses were some of the good things which will never be forgotten by his listeners.

Seattle, Nov. 8th.

The advertisement of the Imperial Land Company Agency, which appears in this issue of The Pacific, is worth the attention of our readers. Mr. A. F. Hess, the manager of the Oakland agency, is a thoroughly reliable person. Dr. W. J. Wilcox of Oakland made a trip to San Diego county recently and invested in 320 acres. Mr. Hess went there also, at the same time, before taking the agency.

## The Home.

## At the Table.

Don't bring worries to the table,  
Don't bring anger, hate or scowls;  
Banish everything unpleasant,  
Talk and eat with smiling jowls.  
It will aid your own digestion,  
If you wear a smiling face;  
It will jolly up the others,  
If you only set the pace.  
Knowing something funny, tell it;  
Something sad, forget to knell it;  
Something hateful, quick dispel it  
At the table.

Cares domestic, business troubles,  
Ills of body, soul or brain,  
Unkind thoughts and nagging tempers,  
Speech that causes others pain,  
Public woes and grim disasters,  
Crimes and wrongs and right's defeat,  
Let them all go to the wind  
When you sit down to eat.  
Knowing something funny, tell it;  
Something sad, forget to knell it;  
Something hateful, quick dispel it  
At the table.

You may breathe a pious blessing  
Over viands rich and good;  
But a blessing with long faces  
Won't assimilate your food;  
While a meal of bread and herring,  
With a glass of water clear,  
Is a feast if it's accompanied  
With a blessing of good cheer.  
Knowing something funny, tell it;  
Something sad, forget to knell it;  
Something hateful, quick dispel it  
At the table.

—What to Eat.

## Life Is What We Make It.

"I wish I could have kept up my studying, but I have had so many household cares that it has been almost impossible for me to get an opportunity even to read," said a woman in middle life.

Her hearer sympathized with her, yet, later, she recalled this woman's luxurious home, in which the lace curtains must always be done up on such a date, the brasses polished at such a time, and the silver cleaned on another stated day. Nor had it always been possible for this housekeeper to find servants to fill her fastidious requirements. The listener repeated the regretful words of this woman to a friend, and supplemented them by saying: "She does not realize that her life is largely what she has made it. She preferred to have an elegant home, with everything not merely comfortably clean, but uncomfortably neat, rather than to take time for reading. Now, I, myself, often lament that I have not time for piano practice, and wish I were a better player; but really it is my choice, for the few spare minutes I might devote to music I spend on my books."

A party of young girls were embroidering, when one of them brought in a guest.

"I don't embroider, so I shall have to read to you or talk," said the newcomer.

"Don't embroider!" cried one of the girls. "Why, what in the world do you do with yourself?"

The girl had found so many other things to do in the world that she was at a loss for a moment. "Why, I don't have time to embroider. I—I read."

"Read! Dear me! I never read more than two books a year. I don't have time to read."



For people of comparative leisure to assert that they cannot do what they would like because they have no time seems absurd; the more so when we read, in Sir Walter Besant's "East London," that even the poor people of that section who must work hard for a bare livelihood have at command for their own use, in holidays, and evenings, one-quarter of the whole year. To some all time is given, to all some time is given, to choose what shall be done in it.—Youth's Companion.

### Old Moilo and His Story.

Standing under a great live oak in a secluded and blood-stained valley of the Mendocino country, old Moilo told us a little story—yes, two stories—in simple broken English. This child of the forest had never seen a university, had never crossed the threshold of the little



Moilo, the Indian.

the hem of the garment of the Great Teacher, and had gotten glimpses of things unseen. When asleep old Moilo looked a twin brother of a fresh mummy we saw in the Boulak Museum at Cairo, but when awake the fire in his eye was proof that there was more life in him than in a shipload of royal mummies.

He was of medium height, hair black as a raven's wing, and straight as an arrow. His face, thoroughly bronzed and wrinkled, as if pressed against the winter storms and exposed to the summer heat of a thousand years. Moilo was swarthy, because the sun had so long looked upon him, and because the smoke of his chimneyless wigwam had settled upon him. But to the story.

A long time ago Wonomi (God) made two good Indians, a man and a woman. Their children became very wicked—"all same Nelakai" (Satan). Wonomi tried to make them do right, but they would not listen to him, so after long time Wonomi opened a big oak tree and put into it lots of dried venison and salmon and pine-nuts and acorns, and then he put the good Indian and his squaw into the tree and shut it up tight. Then he made it rain and rain—"heap rain," until the waters covered the world and all the Nelakai Indians were drowned. Then it stopped raining, and after many days Wonomi opened the oak tree and brought the good Indian and his squaw out on the dry ground.

Again the world was filled with people and they were very bad; their hearts were full of wickedness and their eyes and their tongues. They were drunkards and liars and gamblers. "They, too, were all same Nelakai and gamble all time." They gambled away all their money

and even their children. Then Wonomi, who loved them, sent his son, Onkoito, into the world, and Onkoito opened a deep, pure fountain that overflowed continually. Then he took out the hearts and eyes and tongues of the bad people, and washed them clean in the fountain, and put them back, and then these people were good. But some very bad ones killed Onkoito, and he was buried, but after a while he came out of the grave and talked to the people, and one day, when they were standing around him, "all same wheat" (here Moilo pointed to the thick standing grain), Onkoito said, "Good bye, boys," and he began to go up and up, until he went out of sight. Then Moilo told us of his old blind father, from whom he had learned these things—how the Good Spirit in whom he believed had led him by the good trails all through the wild mountains of California, and to the happy hunting-grounds beyond. Bishop Simpson amid the glories and wonders of Yosemite did not stir our hearts more than did old Moilo, Nature's own child, as he told us these stories that reminded us of stories we had heard at mother's knee, and with hearts filled with emotion and eyes filled with tears, we return to the parsonage with our itinerant Scotch brother, thanking Wonomi for sending his Son, Onkoito, into the world to save Moilo and all his tribe and us and all our tribe.—C. C. Advocate.

### Summer Weather.

Like the flat-iron and the water-bottle, our old earth stores up heat which it gradually "gives out," or radiates. This physical law bears an important relation to our July discomforts. We might expect that our hottest weather would come about June 21st, when, in the northern hemisphere, the direct rays of the sun fall upon us for the longest time each day.

But it is as when we warm our hands before the fire. We do not find the heat too great until there is an accumulation of heat. In the early summer the earth is receiving more heat than can be dissipated into the air, and the effect is felt two or three weeks later. The period from July 10th to July 20th is the hottest, on the average, of any ten days in the year.

Correspondingly, the middle third of January is usually the coldest, in accordance with the old adage, "When the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen."

For like reasons, the hottest part of the day is that about two o'clock, instead of at noon. At the Weather Bureau in Washington the maximum temperature during the recent hot wave was not reached one afternoon till half-past five; but this was very exceptional.

The ocean heats up rather more slowly than the land, as all seashore bathers realize. So the parts of the country especially under ocean influence exhibit this effect of heat accumulation more than do the interior regions. There is a great difference, too, between city and country in this respect; grass and foliage are wonderful radiators of heat, while brick walls and pavements hold it with painful persistency.

August, contrary to all general impressions, is but slightly hotter, measured in mercury readings, than June. The later summer months are much more uncomfortable than the earlier ones, however, on account of their greater humidity.—Youth's Companion.

There are a lot of people in this old world who cast their bread upon the waters expecting it to return well spread with butter and jam.



## Our Boys and Girls.

### An Approved Pattern.

"Ho, hum!" sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard, and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. "That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an elder brother"; and he shrugged his shoulders as he started toward the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed, he noticed that Luke Stafford and James Brent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work, he stood and watched them a few minutes.

James was busy piling the wood that he had already sawed and split, and it made an even, regular pile, that any boy might be proud of.

"That's the way Jim always works," Roy thought, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labours.

Just then the minister passed by the Brent's front gate. "All done but sandpapering, James?" he inquired, with a smile.

James blushed at the implied compliment, and answered, "Pretty near, sir."

Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford, across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled, and only a few sticks lying in a heap beside him had been sawed. Now he called out, in drawling tones, "Maw! how many sticks do you need today?"

The sharp contrast between the two boys that he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical, and he sat down upon his own load of wood, and laughed. Then he picked up the saw and went to work with a will.

"I may not be able to rival Jim," he said to himself as he sawed, "But I'm bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw nights."

When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy to supper, she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order.

"Why, Roy! how much you have done!" she said. "I am glad to see you take hold of your task so well."

"Oh," replied Roy, "I didn't relish the undertaking when I began, but I had an object lesson which did me good."

"What was that?" asked his mother, looking interested.

"It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood," replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys well, looked and laughed; and then she said, "I like the choice you have made between the patterns."

And the pattern proved to be one which lasted Roy all his life. If he were tempted to shirk any task after that, he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones, as he asked, "How many sticks do you need today?"—Exchange.

### A Klondike Dog.

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. "Truth" prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had

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worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature, succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body was grateful as they crouched low, with the bitter, ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but the only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist, and the storm. Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last "Topeka" going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. "That dog will never want as long as we two live," said a grizzled and sun-burnt man.

Canon Newbolt of St. Paul's, is reported to have said recently that the English people have firmly believed in three things—Sunday, the Bible and hearing sermons—but are now fast coming to disbelieve in all three. If the eminent Canon has said this, we have much reason to believe that he is too pessimistic. First of all, with respect to Sunday, there has no doubt been a great increase in active, visible, public amusement on that day; but we doubt whether, in view of the immense increase in the population, there has been any relative increase in the neglect of public worship.—Onward.



**Be Happy as You Can.**

This life is not all sunshine,  
Nor is it yet all showers,  
But storms and calms alternate,  
As thorns among the flowers,  
The thorns full oft we scan,  
Still, let us, though they wound us,  
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,  
As well as joys to share,  
And griefs and disappointments  
Which you and I must bear;  
Yet, if misfortune's lava  
Entombs hope's dearest plan,  
Let us, with what is left us,  
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment  
Is made of little things,  
As oft the broadest rivers  
Are formed from smallest springs;  
By treasuring small waters  
The rivers reach their span;  
So we increase our pleasures  
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts  
Through which our feet must go,  
But there are green oases  
Where pleasant palm trees grow;  
And if we may not follow  
The path our hearts would plan,  
Let us make all around us  
As happy as we can. —Selected.

President McKinley has always been respected ever since he entered upon public life. Though in this country many have doubted the wisdom of his fiscal policy and of his imperialism, we have all regarded him as a statesman who knew how to combine the most devoted patriotism with an intelligent regard for the wider interests of humanity. But the quiet dignity and unostentatious heroism of his bearing after the infliction of his terrible wounds have shown that the moral resources of his character are greater than we knew.—The Christian World, London.

Many of the Bible characters fell just in the things they were thought to be the strongest. Moses failed in his humility, Abraham in his faith, Elijah in his courage—for one woman scared him away to that juniper tree; and Peter, whose strong point was his boldness, was so frightened by a maid as to deny his Lord.

Every duty we perform helps us to perceive, and to be readier to perform, some other duty. And, as John Ruskin says, "every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known." Thus we are all the time gaining or losing in the line of right doing. Each time it is easier, or harder, for us to do next time as we should do.

God never entrusts us with the scepter till he has tried us with the rod.

It is said that a New York politician said that Theodore Roosevelt has only one fault—he does not know how to tell a lie.

A chronic dyspeptic says classical music is the kind you never heard before, and never want to hear again.

"Live and let live" is a good maxim, but "Live and help live" is a better.

God can give everything to the man who is satisfied with nothing but Himself.

"God is love. We will rest there."  
Rev. Dr. George W. Field.—The Congregationalist.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich and he addeth no sorrow with it.

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## LAST WORDS OF EMINENT MEN.

"Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!"—Bismarck.

"Lead a good life."—Thomas Hill Green, English philosopher.

"It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done."—William McKinley.

"May God have mercy on me!"—Lord Chief-Justice Russell, of England.

"I see earth receding; heaven is opening. God is calling me."—Dwight L. Moody.

Here is one of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's illustrations: "Mr. Needham told me that on one occasion he asked an old colored woman what she would do in the hour of death, since Satan was so strong. 'Well,' she said, 'when two dogs are fighting for a bone, does the bone do anything? It don't fight, it lies there between them, and the stronger gets it. So when I come to Jordan, an' ole Satal tries to get me, I'll turn him over to Jesus, and jest keep still, for Massa Jesus he's stronger than Satan.'"

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They who pray for a sign must be prepared to suffer.

What you are to men depends on what God is to you.

A miserly use of money puts character at the bottom.

The sun is always shining to the man who walks by faith.

Purity in the prison is mightier than passion in the palace.

Power with man proceeds from power with God.

The imprisonment of the godly does not imprison their God.

There is no place too lowly for the display of high qualities.

New covenants are made only with those who have kept the old ones.

The poetry of the Bible has been the forming-power of the grandest modern poems.—Richard Beard.

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?" "I would say," replied the patient man, "Go thou and do likewise."—Philadelphia Press.

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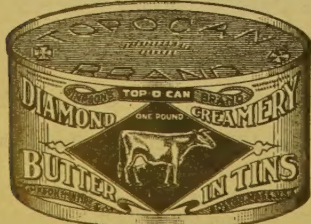
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A man is never poorer for the questions he asks.

When the devil is sure of you he will let you alone.

A dull president is pretty sure to have a dull chapter.

A little horse sense mixes well with genuine religion.

Walking with God will always lead you toward man.

Money reveals character more often than it creates it.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—Stretch.

The perfect man in Christ was before the imperfect one in Adam.

The Bible is the mirror of conscience held up to man's heart.

The Bible, empty, effete, worn-out! If all the wisest men of the

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Better the pessimism that persists against odds than the optimism that makes no effort at all.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

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